AFRAID? OF WHAT?

ND OTHER POEMS AND SKETCHES

by

E. H. HAMILTON

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Fourth Edition

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AND OTHER POEMS AND SKETCHES

by

E. H. HAMILTON

Yours in His Glad Service

E. H. Hamilton

Fourth Edition

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WHY MISSIONS?

Excerpts from a World Missions Address
King College Memorial Chapel
March 5, 1974

by Dr. E. H. Hamilton

For over 41 years my wife and I were what we called "God's gypsies," going over the world to tell of the love of God in Christ. We loved it but it hasn't been easy. I used to play hide and seek with bandits in the countryside of North China. They didn't get me, as they did my dear colleague Jack Vinson, because God needed my living witness even as He needed Jack Vinson's fearless dying witness.

Today there are many people, some even in the Church, who say, "Missions are finished." And I have read magazine articles about "The Twilight of World Missions." Don't you believe it: there are more missionaries in the world today than there ever have been, and the prospect is brighter than ever. Others say, "It's absurd to try to convert a Buddhist or Muslim to Christianity."

One day in Atlanta I was speaking to a very sophisticated group of students of international affairs. Immediately after my message, one member of the group said, "Mr. Hamilton, how is it that you presume to impose your religion on a people who have had their own religions for thousands of years?"

I answered, "Dr. J---, the One whom I worship as God said, 'I am *the* way, and the truth, and the life,' and then He added, 'No one comes to the Father (God) but by Me.' And so I must proclaim His way of salvation."

Today there's a new definition of evangelism abroad. "Just feed the hungry and clothe the naked: that is all the evangelism we need." Some time ago an article in "World Vision" magazine really got under my skin. Here it is:

"*I was hungry,* and you formed a Humanities Club, and discussed my hunger. Thank you.

I was imprisoned, and you crept off quietly to your chapel in the suburb, and prayed for my release.

I was naked, and in your mind you debated the morality of my appearance.

I was sick, and you knelt and thanked God for *your* health.

I was homeless, and you preached to me of the shelter of the love of God.

I was lonely, and you left me alone to pray for me.

You seem so holy, so close to God; but still I am very hungry, and lonely and cold."

We missionaries have not turned away from the hungry and the hurt and the suffering. I remember one Christmas Day in old China Locke White and I left our families and spent the entire day at the Suchowfu railway station doing emergency famine relief work. And during many civil wars and the war with Japan we ministered to wounded soldiers and civilians in our crowded hospitals.

I think of one of our missionaries in China, Julia Bradley. The hospital beds were filled and the corridors crowded, and the overflow of the wounded were in the hospital yard. Julia saw one wounded soldier who had just been brought in, having been wounded for five days, and his wounds untreated. Now he lay with festering wounds in filth upon the ground. Julia tried to get some nurse to wash up the wretched creature, but they all refused because the stench was so repulsive. She then tried to get some Chinese male orderly to clean the wounded man, but they too refused. "And so, because there was no one else who was willing to do it," Julia told me, "I poured water into a basin, and got down on my knees and cleaned him up." . . .

But more than giving healing and bread to hungry bodies is to give also the Bread of Life to souls that are perishing eternally. "I am the Bread of Life," said Jesus. "He who comes to Me shall not hunger, and he who believes in Me shall never thirst." . . .

I think of how one day I was going in and out of the villages in my country field in North China, examining enquirers on their faith in Christ. A little peasant woman stood beside her mud-walled, thatch-roofed house to be examined. I noticed beside her name in my notebook I had written "Husband sick ½ year." (I had around 1000 names which I had written in Chinese in that notebook, and I had to keep my own "Who's Who.") "Mrs. Goa," I asked, "How's your husband who was sick?" "He died," she sighed, "and left me with the three children." By her side stood a little boy. She said he was twelve: that meant eleven, because they count the year one is headed for; but the lad was so undernourished he seemed nearer eight or nine. Tugging at her jacket was a little girl of three or four, and in her arms a baby. My heart went out to her. I asked her how many *moo* of land she had, because land was the measure of wealth back in old China. She said she had two *moo* of land—one-third of an acre was all she had on which to raise her family. I cried out, "Ai yah!! (—O dear me!) Mrs. Goa, you surely do have trouble!" A strange smile came into her face as she answered, "Yes, I have trouble, it's true; but it doesn't count as trouble, because I have Jesus."

Oh, friends, when the great sorrows of life sweep over one, what a difference it makes, in China or Africa, or in lovely America, whether or not one feels the living Lord Jesus at one's side, yes, even closer than that—as Tennyson said, "closer to us than breathing, nearer than hands or feet"—to give us courage to win through!

I think of a Japanese high school lad named Masaharu Kato, whom the Holy Spirit let me lead to the Lord Jesus in Japan as we were once returning to China after furlough. He wrote to me later in China, "Before you came to me in Gotemba, I was very sad and lonely, and there was no one who was kind to me; but when I heard your kind words, I felt something sleeping in my soul come to life. . . . If you had not come to me, I would have become a man of coldness surely. Now I can face my future, which is *fulled* with many sorrows, bravely, because I have Christ in my heart."

And I think of a young college student back in old China, Stephen Jin, whom Mrs. Hamilton and I loved to the Lord. Stephen wrote us a letter, saying: "How can I ever thank you enough for leading me to know God in Christ? There was a time when I was very sad, and wanted to kill myself, and then God brought you into my life; and you have brought me to eternal life and joy through Jesus Christ." And then Stephen added: "I think there can be no higher friendship in this world than to lead one's friend to eternal life through Christ." That's the pay we missionaries get, and oh, it's the richest pay in the world! . . .

Back in 1956, as we were coming home on furlough, we visited Jerusalem. One night I walked alone down to a lovely garden named Gethsemane. And there beside a great rock I thought long of what a young man had suffered at that spot for me long ago. . . .

That night in Gethsemane He said to His disciples, and He is saying it to you and to me today: "As the Father hath loved Me, so have I loved you; continue ye in My love." We cannot begin to fathom the depth of that utterance. Could any love compare with the love of the Father God for His only begotten Son from before the foundation of the world? "*That's the kind of love I have for you,*" said Jesus; and then He added, "*Now won't you just keep on loving Me?*"

And that same night He also said, "If you love Me, you will keep My commandments." And His last great commandment before He went back into glory was this: "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." And that just means: "Go and tell everybody everywhere the Good News: that I have died for the sins of the world, so that whosoever believeth in Me shall not perish, but shall have everlasting life."

Do we *really* love Him?

Dedication

OH, let me paint a picture, Lord,
That all the world may see
Something of Thy loveliness,
And come to worship Thee.
(And yet, no artist born can trace
The mystic beauty of Thy face.)

Oh, let me make a poem, Lord,
That all men everywhere
May know the great and gentle God,
And breathe Thy Name in prayer.
(No poet, though, could dimly trace
The wonder of Thy glorious grace.)

PART ONE

'Afraid? Of What?'

Afraid? Of What?

THE country districts of North Kiangsu China, were *luan* (wild and dangerous) in the fall of 1931, but the missionaries kept on itinerating, trusting their lives to God's keeping. At Haichow, near the coast, the Reverend John W. Vinson, or 'Uncle Jack' as he was affectionately called by the younger missionaries, insisted on going to the country.

'But, Uncle Jack', they said, 'you are not strong enough to itinerate so soon after your operation!'

'I must go', he replied, and then added, 'I must witness for the Lord while I can'.

Was he thinking of the words of our Lord, 'I must work the works of Him that sent Me, while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work'?

He went to a little market-town named Yang-Chia-Chi, about thirty miles to the southeast, and there he was warmly greeted by a little group of Chinese Christians, many of whom he himself had through the years baptized. After talking with them a while about the services to be held the next morning, he went to sleep there in the little chapel.

That very night a wild army of bandits, more than six hundred in all, swooped down upon the little town, looting, burning, killing and wounding the people all that night and the next day. And when they finally departed they took with them about one hundred and fifty Chinese men, women and children, to hold for ransom; and their prize captive was the American missionary.

An army of government soldiers pursued the bandits, and overtook them at a little village named Long-Wang-Dang,

where the robbers barricaded themselves behind the village wall. The government troops immediately besieged the village.

'Do you want to go free?', the bandit chief asked Vinson.

'Certainly', he replied.

'All right; you write a letter to the commanding officer of those soldiers to withdraw his troops, and we will let you go free.'

'Will you also free all these Chinese prisoners?' the missionary asked.
'Certainly not', replied the bandit chief.

'Then I too refuse to go free', said Vinson. And he was adamant, even in the face of vehement threats.

That night the bandits tried to break out in the darkness. Many of them were killed, and a hundred and twenty-five of the hundred and fifty captives escaped. The bandits fled, taking Vinson with them; but he could not run because of his recent operation. And so one bandit shot him, and another beheaded him.

Later on, at Mr. Vinson's funeral, Chinese officials who knew not Christ marvelled that here was a man who refused to save himself. The missionaries then told them of John Vinson's Master, who 'saved others; Himself He would not save'.

Some of the little churches in Mr. Vinson's country field which had been cold now took on new life, and many of the church members became 'hot-hearted' for Christ, and many more received Christ as Saviour, after Jack Vinson's martyrdom.

A little daughter of a Chinese pastor was one of the prisoners who escaped from the bandits. She later told of having seen a bandit threatening Mr. Vinson with a pistol, and trying to frighten him.

'I'm going to kill you', he said, as he pointed the gun at the missionary's head, 'Aren't you afraid?'

'No, I am not afraid', came the calm reply; 'If you kill me, I will go right to God'.

At the time of Mr. Vinson's death, the writer also was itinerating in bandit territory, between Sutsien and Haichow. When he reached a little railroad station to return home, he heard the sad news; and when he arrived home, he read the full glorious account, written by our Haichow missionaries, of Jack Vinson's fearless witness for Christ.

He went into his study and sat silently a few minutes. And then picking up his pen, he began to write, as though it were some hymn he was recalling from memory. Within fifteen minutes the five verses all were written, and never have been changed. If ever a poem was given of God, this one was:

Afraid? Of What?

Afraid? Of what?
To feel the spirit's glad release?
To pass from pain to perfect peace,
The strife and strain of life to cease?
Afraid—of that?

Afraid? Of what?
Afraid to see the Saviour's face,
To hear His welcome, and to trace
The glory gleam from wounds of grace?
Afraid—of that?

Afraid? Of what?
A flash—a crash—a pierced heart;
Darkness—light—Oh, Heaven's art!
A wound of His a counterpart!
Afraid—of that?

Afraid? Of what?
To enter into Heaven's rest,
And yet to serve the Master blest,
From service good to service best?
Afraid—of that?

Afraid? Of what?
To do by death what life could not:
Baptize with blood a stony plot,
Till souls shall blossom from the spot?
Afraid—of that?

He mailed this poem to Dr. C. Darby Fulton, the Executive Secretary of the Presbyterian, U.S., Board of World Missions, in Nashville, Tennessee, who published it in *The Missionary Survey*. It was at once copied by the old *Literary Digest,* the predecessor of *Life* and *Time*. The next Easter many religious magazines of America reprinted it—and then it belonged to the world. . . .

Two and a half years later, a shining pair, John and Betty Stam, of the China Inland Mission, had gone to their first assignment, a little town in Anhwei Province. John wrote home to his father, a city mission worker in Paterson, New Jersey: 'We are now in a very dangerous section of the country, but I am not afraid. The enclosed poem exactly expresses my feelings', and he enclosed a copy of *Afraid? Of What?*

Father and Mother Stam received this letter just a few days before a news report was flashed to the world: 'John and Betty Stam Captured by Red Bandits in China'. And shortly thereafter came the sad yet triumphant news of their fearless martyrdom, 'beheaded for Jesus' just outside the little town of Miao-sheo, Anhwei, China.

John Stam and Betty were just as unafraid as was John Vinson. As they were being hurried along the road by the Red rabble, after their capture, a Chinese man asked them, 'Where are you going?'

'We don't know where they are going', came the answer with a smile, 'but we are on our way to Heaven'.

As the details of the tragedy came through in letters from Tsinanfu, Shantung, written by Betty's father, Dr. Charles Ernest Scott (a dear friend of the writer), they all were woven into a poem which began with the Reds calling 'Lai, Lai (Come), see the foreign devils die'; and then the people pleading for the missionaries, and of one man giving his life in an effort to save them; of Betty's favorite verse,' For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain' (Phil. 1:21); and of how they marched into the presence of Christ with a smile. (Yes,

'there was a smile on John's face', said the Chinese evangelist who gathered the dear bodies for burial.) This poem the author called 'Via Crucis' (*The Way of the Cross*).

Via Crucis

'LAI, Lai, Lai!! See the foreign devils die!'
All the hate of hell did swell in that cursed cry
Down the street the rabble soldiers rush pell mell,
They the pride of Moscow, they the hope of hell,
They in spirit kin to those who once did yell—
'Crucify! Crucify!!'

'Shame, Shame, Shame' cried the people as they came;
'You must not kill the Jesus folk—they are not to blame.
They're good to everyone, and they love us all, we feel—'
The soldiers curse the people. Now a Christian man does kneel
To plead for them, and bleed, all heedless of the steel,
Himself to die for Jesus' Name.

See, See, See: there are not two, but three,
Who tread this day in Old Cathay the road to Calvary.
Christ's is the light that lights the eye,
As forth they go, for Him, to die—
'To die is gain';
Christ's is the joy that brings a smile
That glorifies their faces, while
They suffer pain;
Christ's is the love that breathes a prayer
For the cursing murderers there,
Ere they are slain.
And so they go through the Chinese street;
With bleeding feet they haste to meet,
And see the Christ, and reign
With Him eternally.

John and Betty Stam's tiny baby, Helen Priscilla, was at that time miraculously saved, and brought by dear Chinese Christians to the city of Wuhu, and later to her loving grand parents in Tsinanfu, Shantung. It was there that the author visited Dr. and Mrs. Scott, and held this 'Miracle Baby' in his arms. And God gave to him for her a little verse.

To Helen Priscilla

AH, tiny babe, asleep within your downy bed,
Knowing not your mother sweet and father brave are dead;

Dead, and yet alive, and nevermore to die,
Called to service beautiful with God beyond the sky.

We know not why the Father left you here alone:
'Alone, yet not alone', for He watches o'er His own.

We only know that God your tiny life did will,
And He His purpose high will in your life fulfil.

The prophecy has been fulfilled. That little babe is now a lovely young woman in the service of her Lord.

During World War II God again used this poem, *'Afraid? Of What?'* to strengthen a child of His who faced death, young Peter Vansteenberghe, son of Dr. O. Vansteenberghe, co-director of the Belgian Gospel Mission in Brussels. Peter, who was an ardent worker in the Belgian underground, was captured by the Nazis and condemned to death in October, 1943. The godly father mailed to his boy in the Nazi prison a French translation of the poem, *'Afraid? Of What?* Peter wrote to his father, 'Thank you, Father, for the poem which you sent; it did me much good'. And later on just a few minutes before his execution he wrote: 'My very dear parents, very soon I shall be on high in the presence of my Saviour . . . I am very calm, for I do not look upon death as the end of life, but rather as a change of life. Such a change is not for us a loss, but rather a gain . . . Good-bye, my dear parents, until we meet in the presence of our Saviour'.

Dr. Martin Hopkins, a beloved colleague in the North Kiangsu Mission, made a vivid translation of the poem into Chinese. A missionary in South China, the late Rev. E. B. Ward, set it to music, as also did a Chinese student, Mr. Choh-yang Su, at the North China Theological Seminary. And in 1958 in Taiwan (Formosa) a prominent Chinese musician, Prof. Shih-chieh Chang, made a new musical setting for the poem. (See Supplement at end of this book.)

In 1952, when Mr. Hamilton was asked to tell about this poem at a 'Friends of China' meeting in Tokyo, Japan, a Norwegian missionary asked him, 'Have you seen a Norwegian copy of the poem?'

'No', he answered; and so she mailed to him a copy in Norwegian. 'Our echoes roll from soul to soul, and go forever and forever.'

May all who read this little book pray that God will continue to use this poem to strengthen His own in the face of danger or death, and to glorify His Son, until He comes again.

PART TWO

My Lord and My Life

The lad was about to become a man. From childhood he had held a great admiration for missionaries of the cross, and wistfully had hoped some day to be one. And now at seventeen in the city of Atlanta, Georgia, this high school boy turned aside one evening from his study and play, and had 'long, long thoughts' of the world and his own life. He seemed to see as in a vision fifteen hundred millions of men and women, and boys and girls, who were living and dying without Christ. The bit of a verse that came to him was not great poetry, but it welled up out of his heart, and this became for him a hymn of dedication.

A Plea for the Heathen

O GOD, O God! Could they but see
Into life's vast eternity,

O Father-God, could they but know
And love the Christ Who loves them so;

Could they but feel Thy loving hand,
And hear Thy firm yet soft command;

O Father, then I know that they
Would love and praise Thee day by day.

Lord, I've heard Thy whisper low:
Take me, Father, I will go.

The next year the lad enrolled in Davidson College, North Carolina. It was not all study and play. There were times, especially at night, when he could slip away and be alone: up to the cupola of old Chambers building, or down into the woods by the golf course. One dark night, as he went into the woods to meditate and pray, God gave him this song.

With Thee

INTO the night
I'll go with Thee, O Christ,
Without a light
Into Thy darkness,
For with Thee there is no night.

Into the wild
I'll go with Thee, O Christ,
Like a child
Into Thy garden,
For with Thee there is no wild.

E'en into death
I'll go with Thee, O Christ,
Give my breath
Back to my Maker,
For with Thee there is no death.

With college behind him, this youth became one of three million Americans who hoped 'to make the world safe for democracy'. He went to France with a healing unit, Base Hospital 43. His unit went across on the *S.S. Olympic* without destroyer escort. He and another young Christian each evening invited 'whosoever will' into a small cabin for a service of prayer. They could not get 'a corporal's guard' to attend the first few nights. And then one day all soldiers aboard were assembled on the deck, and the Commander said, 'We are now in submarine waters', and he added, 'and we are giving you instructions for abandoning ship, if necessary'. That evening standing room went at a premium in the crowded cabin prayer meeting below decks!

The next morning to the thrilling delight of everyone a destroyer escort hove into sight flying the Stars and Stripes. And that flag meant more to the young poet than it ever had before, as he sang a song called *'My Flag'*.

My Flag

'THE one flag, the true flag, the flag for you and me'—
These words were ringing in my ears, when I put out to sea.
But I never realized before just what they quite could mean,
Until today, above the spray, thank God! that flag I've seen.
Tonight in seas infested with the pirate submarine
I'll sleep in perfect safety, with that gallant flag between
The soldier-ship and danger. Man, I do not like to brag,
But my heart turned hot with pride today, when first I saw my flag.
Not that I put my trust alone in the red, the white, the blue,
But the flag itself is trusting the same God that I do.
That flag was given free men by the grace of God above:
Flag of light and liberty, of faith, of hope, of love.

One day in France, when this young soldier was ministering in the hospital, a wounded American showed him a photograph that he had taken from a German soldier whom he had killed. It showed the German youth in his uniform, standing proudly beside his bride. And as the soldier poet gazed in pity at this photograph of his fallen enemy, the following poem came to him:

He Thought He Fought for the Right

HE thought he fought for the right;
God pity and save him then!
But he really fought with might
To crown a demon of men.
He thought he fought for the life
And the love of the wife by his side,
But he fought with a love of the strife
For a nation whose soul has died.

God pity and save the lad
Who thought he fought for the right;
And comfort the woman sad
Who waits alone in the night.
Men fail, and falter, and fall,
In blindness, and lust, and pride;
But saddest, O God, of all,
Is the nation whose soul has died.

Home from the war, the young veteran was now ready to become a knight for Christ his King. The night he was travelling by train from Florida to Richmond, Virginia, to enter Union Theological Seminary, many thoughts came to him, and withal the fear lest through sin he fail his King. But God brought comfort to him with these words:

If I Should Fail

IF I should fail, O Christ, and turn aside,
Should selfish purpose in my heart abide,
And should I find that to myself I'd lied,
And missed the Grail—
Naught would avail:
I would not worthy be
To call Thy Name, and Christ, Thy face to see,
And hope would die within the heart of me,
If I should fail.

But, Christ, with Thee, with Thee I cannot fail;
Though strong the foe, and though my strength be frail,
No sword of earth or hell can pierce the mail
Thou givest me.
From bended knee
I'll go upon the quest,
Nor cease until I gain the Chalice blest:
Thy face I'll see; and then? Be all the rest,
O Christ, with Thee!

In the Theological Seminary a young student struggling with many theological formulas thanked God through all the struggle for 'the simplicity that is in Christ'.

It is Enough

IT is enough, enough—
Just to be a little child, and sing,
Just to know that Jesus came to bring
Eternal life, and now He is our King—
It is enough.

It is enough, enough:
Just to know and love with all our heart,
And then to serve Him in the home and mart,
Knowing we shall never from Him part—
It is enough.

It is enough, enough:
Just to read our Master's message, then
Obey and serve Him till He come again—
'Even so, Lord Jesus, come! Amen.'
It is enough.

Pray

TWO little seeds,
So far away—
Oh, what are they
In land so bare?
Can harvest rare
Spring from such sod,
Bringing Life from God?

Two little seeds,
So far away—
But if you pray,
They'll harvest bring
For our King
Out of the sod:
Two little seeds—and God!

In Nanking, China, 1923, 'Ham and Estelle', as this young couple were affectionately known, were busy learning the Chinese language, a strange combination of fun and frustration. Then in 1924 they moved to Suchowfu, North Kiangsu, China, where they made their home until 1949, except for the times they were chased out by the vicissitudes of war. 'Ham' travelled in the country, helping to establish churches, and encouraging brave little groups of Christians, while Estelle took care of the children at home, and worked among Chinese women in the city.

One night in a little mud-walled, thatch-roofed, dirt-floored house in the North Kiangsu country, as the missionary was meditating upon one petition of The Lord's Prayer, God let his thoughts crystallize into a poem, 'Thy Will Be Done'. He included that poem in a letter to his friends back in America. Several years later when he was on furlough he visited a town, and found out that his friend there, who had been perhaps the most well-to-do-citizen of that town, had in the depression lost his business and his home, and now was living in a tiny cottage outside the town. He hurried there to see his friend, who called him aside and said, 'You saved my life!' 'I don't understand', the missionary answered. 'You see', he explained, 'when I lost my business and my home, I figured that life was not worth living, and on a certain day I had determined to kill myself. But that very morning your letter came to me, and after I had read it, I couldn't do it!' And later, like Job, he made a wonderful come-back. Oh, how the missionary did thank God for letting this poem save his friend!

Thy Will Be Done

THY WILL BE DONE! I will not pray the prayer
Like cringing slave, but like a stalwart son
To loving Father, asking of Him where
And how His will be done.

THY WILL BE DONE! I shall not moan or whine
At transient victory by Satan won;
But still shall conquer with a faith divine,
And pray, 'Thy Will Be Done'.

THY WILL BE DONE! Not resignation pale,
But glad and free subordination to
My Captain, Who shall never, never fail—
'I come Thy will to do'.

THY WILL BE DONE! Oh give me strength and grace—
Like His, Who prayed in dark Gethsemane,
Then heard Thy voice, and set like flint His face,
And went to Calvary.

THY WILL BE DONE! Be this my battle cry.
A virile, joyful race I long to run.
What matter if I live or if I die,
Just so Thy Will Be Done!

A Meditation from the Battlefield

The Battle For China

(The following Meditation was written at Sutsien, North Kiangsu, China, in the fall of 1947, the day the Reverend William F. Junkin, Jr., suffered a serious head injury, a basal fracture of the skull. Mr. Junkin and Mr. Hamilton had gone there to attend a beautiful and elaborate memorial service for the Reverend William F. Junkin, Sr., who was much beloved in that whole area. Though he went very close to the gates of death, Mr. William Junkin, Jr. later was completely restored to health.)

This morning at dawn, with a cheerio and a 'God-bless-you', I waved good-bye to a young friend whom I love, as he sat atop a crowded Chinese military truck. 'Fine! He will reach Suchowfu by early afternoon: he will make the eighty miles in seven hours', I thought. And then I went back to the Church to attend morning prayers.

A few minutes later I was called out of the service. 'The young shepherd is badly wounded in the head . . . The driver dashed wildly through the low-arched gate of the Sutsien city wall, and four Chinese and the young American shepherd suffered head injuries!'. . . . And now my young buddy lies on an army cot in a make-believe hospital, fighting for his life.

I dare not cry, 'My God, my God, oh *why* . . .?' Mute, I fall back on Him in faith. And yet there comes to my mind the question that sometimes has been on the lips of every missionary of the Cross: *Is it worth it, Lord?* Why should we live over here where there is constant danger: danger from the enemies of God, danger from travel by train and travel on the highway, danger from lurking disease, danger of break-

ing under the strain of living as a stranger in a strange land? Why should we not go back to the land of our birth, where there is reasonable security of life and happiness surrounded by our loved ones, and living with 'God's people'?

God's answer comes clearly to my heart, through His servant Paul: *'Now I rejoice in my sufferings for your sake, and fill up on my part that which is lacking of the afflictions of Christ in my flesh for His body's sake, which is the Church'* (COLOSSIANS 1:24. A.S.V.).

'But can there be anything lacking in the sufferings of Christ?' I ask. And God's answer comes again to my heart: 'The sufferings of My Son on Calvary were sufficient to redeem the world, but the messengers of redemption must suffer too, else the world will never come to know it has been redeemed.'

PAUL, why did you choose a *via dolorosa?* Why did you deliberately run the gauntlet of a myriad dangers: 'in danger from rivers, danger from robbers, danger from my own people, danger from Gentiles, danger in the city, danger in the wilderness, danger at sea, danger from false brethren, in toil and hardship, through many a sleepless night, in hunger and thirst, often without food, in cold and exposure?' You could have stayed in Jerusalem, surrounded with parchments and scholars, yourself the deepest scholar of the great Sanhedrin. You could have lived out your days as a student of God's Word, a defender of the faith (with three good meals a day, except for times of voluntary fasting and prayer), withal maintaining the profound respect of your fellow countrymen, instead of being hounded from city to city, through the years and through the nations, as a heretic and rebel.

'Yes, I could', Paul makes reply, 'but my soul would have shrivelled, and my life would have been but a name embalmed in the tombs of Jewish ecclesiastical history. And what would have happened to the body of the living Christ, His Church? Had I shunned suffering, the Son of God would have suffered in vain. For of what use is redemption, if the world know not of it, and perish in its sin?'

ADONIRAM, why did you travel the Burma road—to a stifling prison to lie in filth and be tortured day after day? Why didn't you and Ann go back to America, where you could have been pastor of a large Baptist Church? And Judson answers, 'We must fill up that which is lacking of the afflictions of Christ in our bodies, else no Burmese can belong to His fold'.

DAVID, why didn't you stay in bonnie Scotland with Mary and the bairns, instead of wading waist-deep through fever-infested swamps, while ahead and behind lurked hostile tribes thirsting for your blood? And Livingstone makes reply, 'I must fill up that which is lacking of the sufferings of Christ in my flesh for His body's sake—else there will be no black sheep, washed white by His blood, in His fold'.

JAMES, why did you plunge back into the wilds of New Guinea again and again, calling the daily hazards of life 'the salt and pepper' that gave flavor to the task—until at last they *got* you? And Chalmers answers me, 'Because I knew that the Spirit of Christ would get them, and claim them for His own'.

WILFRED, why did you suffer cold and peril for years, driving your small craft through North Atlantic storms? And Grenfell answers, 'Because my Master needed other fishermen

than Peter and Andrew, James and John, to be numbered among His followers'.

JACK, why didn't you remain safely in Haichow, nursing your frail body, instead of going into a lair of human tigers? And Vinson reminds me, " *'Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit'*. I am not afraid to die. If I fear suffering or death, how can my Chinese know life through the death of the Son of God?"

LORD JESUS, give me a courage like Thine own: *'Therefore doth My Father love Me, because I lay down My life . . . No man taketh it from Me, but I lay it down of Myself'*. And a courage like Thy servant Paul's: *'What mean ye to weep and to break mine heart? for I am ready not to be bound only, but also to die . . . for the name of the Lord Jesus', 'according to my earnest expectation and my hope, that in nothing I shall be ashamed, but with all boldness, as always, so now also Christ shall be magnified in my body, whether it be by life, or by death.'* And all this, O Christ, that the world may know that Thou hast loved them, as Thou hast loved me. Amen.

When the Hamiltons were 'refugeeing' in America because of the war with Japan, their first-born son took his training in the United States Air Force, and was appointed for combat service overseas. He came home to say good-bye. That Sunday morning in the Little Brick Presbyterian Church in Knoxville, Tennessee, there was special music, a quartet, consisting of the young airman, his father and mother, and sister, singing this song to the tune of the *Londonderry Air*.

O Son of God

O Son of God, today we face the morrow,
We know not what for us it holds in store;
But whether there be joy, or pain, or sorrow,
Through Thee we can be conquerors—and more!
So may we fearless be, whate'er the time or tide,
And may we all be ever true to Thee.
We know that Thou wilt be forever by our side,
Until at last, the battle won, Thy face we see.

For many years a minister of Christ listened with mingled emotions to the rendition of the well-known Catholic prayer-hymn *Ave Maria.* The exquisite music touched his soul; and yet there was sorrow as he heard this prayer of adoration directed toward the mother of our Lord, instead of toward her divine Son. After hearing in his mind for many days the haunting melody, he changed the words so that the glory would go to the Son of God Himself.

O Holy Jesus

(Tune: 'Ave Maria'—Schubert)

O Holy Jesus,
Thou Son of God and Son of man,
Thou Who before the world began
Didst love us with a wonderful love,
And didst plan
To save us all with Thee, with Thee in Heaven above:
We come to worship Thee today,
We would belong to Thee for aye,
For Thou didst die to save us.
Oh, keep us ever close to Thee,
Through all eternity,
Our Saviour-Lord
Holy Jesus.

The following poem was inspired by the lovely portrait of 'The Boy Christ' by Florence Kroger:

O Little Lad!

O Little Lad, the Light of God
Is shining in Thy face,
And in Thine eyes is gleaming
The glory of His Grace.

Ah, had He told You even then
'Ere manhood had unfurled
The reason why He sent you
To be born into this world?

And are you sad, O Little Lad,
A-dreaming (as boys will)
Of a darkened day, and far away,
Three crosses on a hill?

O Little Lad, my heart is glad,
For in thy heart I see
A heart that takes in every heart
Through all eternity.

One summer evening of 1960, as four Chinese and two Americans knelt in prayer in the home of the missionary, God gave this thought to him:

The Presence

'For where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst' (Matthew 18:20)

SIX of us knelt down to pray,
Our prayer reached up to Heaven,
Because there were not six of us
Who prayed tonight—but seven!

His Thoughts of Me

"HOW precious to me are Thy thoughts,
O God! . . . If I would count them, they are more than the sand. When I awake, I am still with Thee'. (Ps. 139: 17, 18)

The One who made the countless stars
Has countless thoughts of me.
When I awake, Great Lover-God,
There I am still with Thee.

Taipei, 1961

While the Hamiltons were living at Knoxville, a young man was captured there who had killed a girl in Washington, D.C. He was taken back there, tried, and condemned to die. On the day he was hanged Mr. Hamilton wrote the following poem. Of course it is an exaggeration; but sometimes it takes an exaggeration to startle people into a realization of their responsibilties.

A Boy Was Hanged Today

A boy was hanged today—oh, yes,
He well deserved to hang, I guess:
He killed a girl in passion grim,
Because she would not sin with him;
And so the boy, with black mask on,
Was hanged until his life was gone.

And yet, if justice had been done,
Four should have hanged today—not one.
His father one of these, poor fool,
Who never took to Sunday School
His boy, then wondered why the lad
Without religion turned out bad.

His teacher should have hanged today,
Who saw the boy's sinful way,
Yet warned him not, because, though kind,
Her only care was for his mind.
His heart she did not enter in;
What matter if he turned to sin?

The pastor in his neighborhood,
A man they call both wise and good,
Should with the boy have hanged today:
For he cared more what he should say,
Was more concerned with good folks' joys,
Than seeking out the sinful boys.

Your missionaries, driven out of China by the Reds at the beginning of 1949, had spent more than two happy years in America, when a call came to them to go to Japan to labor among Chinese in that land. A reconsecration as His Ambassadors came to them, and found expression in a poem, 'O Living Christ'. (Note the parallel reading of verses two and three: Galilee, joy; Bethany, peace; Gethsemane, power; and Calvary, victory).

O Living Christ

O living Christ,
Live Thou in me;
Through life, through death,
I'll go with Thee—

To Galilee,
And Bethany,
Gethsemane,
And Calvary:

Thy joy to see,
Thy peace in me,
Thy power to be
My victory.

To Oregon,
Or to Iran,
To old Nippon,
Or Turkestan:

Wherever souls
Are needing Thee,
Or men are dying
Needlessly.

O living Christ,
Live Thou in me;
Through life, through death,
I'll go with Thee.

As they went forth again in His Name, the sense of His Presence became very real to them. And on the boat one morning, as your missionary stood on the deck watching a sunrise at sea, the following poem came to him:

God's Mystery

('This mystery . . .
which is Christ in you' COL. 1.27)

'HE that sent me is with me',
He hath not left me alone;
Not just as guest, but as Saviour blest,
He has claimed me for His own.

'He that sent me is with me'.
No day is ever drear,
And through each night His holy light
Gives courage, peace, and cheer.

'He that sent me is with me'.
I'll gladly do my part,
For the Lord of love is not only above—
He lives within my heart.

'He that sent me is with me'.
O Mystery Divine:
The eternal One, God's glorious Son,
The living Christ—is mine!

THE LIVING CHRIST!—When that thought, and the Person behind that thought, take hold of one's life, how different that life becomes! As the poet mused upon the varied aspects of Christ, this aspect became to him most precious.

Closest of All

THERE'S the wonderful Christ who lived and loved
Back there in Galilee;
And the Saviour Christ Who died for us
One day on Calvary;
There's the Christ Who rose in triumph—
With the Father-God is He;
There's the Christ Who's coming back again
To reign eternally;
But closest of all is the Living Christ,
Now living in you and me.

Alone With God

WHENEVER I am alone,
I have wonderful company:
For then it is I fellowship through prayer
With the living Son of God.

One evening as your missionary was in Japan returning to his station, Kobe, the train went along the Japan Sea, and through the train window he saw a breath-taking sunset over the water. His yearning, and God's answer to his yearning was this—

Meditation by the Japan Sea

At Sunset, July 8, 1952

WHY, O God, do you give me *eyes* to behold this beauty, if so soon they are to be dimmed by death, and turn to dust?

And God answers to my heart: "I have opened a way for you, my child, to behold such beauty, and beauty more glorious still, through all eternity. I have heard the plea of the Son of My love: 'Father, I will that they also whom Thou hast given Me be with Me where I am, that they may behold My glory which Thou hast given Me, for Thou lovedst Me before the foundation of the world'."

WHY, O God, do you give me *ears* to hear such music it is almost pain to hear, when so soon it will cease, my ears grow dull with age, and then mingle with the dust?

And God answers to my spirit: "I have opened a way for you, my child, to hear sweeter music far than this through all eternity, the song of the redeemed—the song of Moses and the Lamb—yea, and to hear the sweetest music of the ages, the voice of the Son of My love. Hear ye Him, as now He is saying, 'My sheep hear My voice, and they follow Me, and I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish'."

WHY, O God, do you put deep longings in my heart, a reaching out for Thee, for life, and for eternity? Why torture my mind with unfulfilled desire, if soon my mind shall cease to be, as a candle whose light has gone out, while my brain that has thought these thoughts of God returns again to dust?

And God answers to my heart: "My child, those thoughts are my pledge placed in your soul, my promise whose fulfilment shall be more glorious than your mind could ever dream—'For *eye* hath not seen, nor *ear* heard, neither hath it entered into the *heart* of man the things that God hath prepared for them that love Him'. I have opened to thee the way, my child. My Son is the Way; follow Him, and thou shalt arrive'."

In the fall of 1952, God's Gypsies moved on from Japan to Formosa (Taiwan), which is Free China, and on that Island called Beautiful they continued to labor for Christ among University Students, Chinese from the mainland, lepers in the great government leprosarium, and aboriginal tribespeople in the mountains. One day on a bus from Taipei to Keelung, the seaport, this poem sang itself to life:

Formosa

(*'Beautiful Isle'—Portuguese*)

BEAUTIFUL Isle, Beautiful Isle,
God's light and warmth upon you smile.
Every plain's a lovely scene,
Every mountain vivid green,
With many a playful waterfall,
White clouds and blue sky over all;
Bamboo, palm and great fern trees,
All are waving in the breeze,
While fruits and flowers satisfy
With lavishness the taste, the eye.
Truly God doth on thee smile,
Beautiful Isle, Beautiful Isle!

Beautiful Isle, Beautiful Isle,
Alight, yet cold and dark the while
But one is safely in the fold,
And ninety and nine are in the cold,
Seeing not through the clouds above,
Knowing not God's wondrous love:
Christ the Saviour crucified,
Risen, living by our side.
Their hopeless faith is fixed alone
In hideous gods of wood and stone.
Oh, may they see Christ's radiant smile,
Beautiful Isle, Beautiful Isle!

God's mountaineer on Formosa loved to climb those rugged mountains (though he had to puff occasionally), to accept the challenge of high swinging bridges (though he had acrophobia), and even the fording of waist-deep, ice-cold rivers (teeth a-chattering!) to gather an unprecedented harvest for Christ among the tribes people. One day back in Taipei, as he thought of climbing for Christ, there came to him this poem:

I'd Climb the Highest Mountain

I'D climb the highest mountain,
I'd cross the deepest sea,
If only I could tell to men
What my Saviour means to me.

Yet I need not climb the mountain,
Or sail the wide seas o'er:
I'll show His love to all today
Who come into my door.

Why talk about the mountain,
Why talk about the sea,
If I fail to tell the grocery boy
What Jesus means to me?

Forgive me, Lord, for dreaming
Of mountain and of sea.
May the paper-boy come to know
The Living Christ through me.

Furloughs can be hectic as well as happy. On a recent furlough (1956-57) at one time when there seemed to be more that had to be done than one could do, this little verse oiled the machinery wonderfully:

So Many Things to Do, Lord

('They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength.' Isa. 40:31)

SO many things to do, Lord,
So many things to do;
So little time to do them, Lord,
And so I come to You.

I now will wait on You, Lord,
And while I wait I'll sing,
And thus my strength renew, Lord,
To labor for my King.

One evening when the missionary was on furlough, he was invited to bring a message in the great auditorium at Montreat, North Carolina. He longed to tell the world that CHRIST ALONE is the hope of each individual, of each home, and of the world. God's answer was a poem which he entitled 'THE ONLY WAY'; and with this he closed his message.

Years later in Formosa, the Honorable Chang Tao-fan, President of the Legislature of Free China, who also is a great Chinese scholar, poet and artist, was deeply touched by this poem, and asked for the privilege (!) of making a Chinese translation of it. This is reproduced in Supplement A at the end of this book.

The Only Way

HERE is a broken heart,
Shot through with throbbing pain;
Only the healing touch of Christ
Can make it whole again.

Here is a broken life,
Ruined by shame and sin;
Only the burning love of Christ
Can make it pure within.

Here is a broken home,
Bitter and undone;
Only the alchemy of Christ
Can fuse it into one.

Here is a broken world,
Shattered by war and hate;
Only the Christ Triumphant
A new world can create.

A Prayer

A heart of purity
O give to me.
Remove all lust and shame,
I ask in Thy dear name,
Thou Prince of Purity.

A heart of perfect love
O give me from above
Take selfishness away
I beg of Thee today,
O Christ, Thou Lord of Love.

Taipei,
July, 1962

A Prayer

Dear Lord,
Make sure my heart,
Make truer my thoughts,
Make pure my love, I pray.
I would go for You,
I would know what's true,
I would glow for You today.

Taipei,
April, 1962

The missionary on furlough needed a hymn in a hurry, to use in special services in Virginia and at a World Missions Conference in Tennessee. But that hymn was in an English Keswick Hymnal back in Taiwan. It was a favorite hymn sung in missionary prayer meetings in Taipei. It was called, 'FAR ABOVE ALL', and sung to the tune of the familiar 'Glory Song'; but instead of saying, 'That will be glory *for me*', all the glory was given to Christ, who is *'Far above all* principality, and power, and might, and dominion, and every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come.' (EPH. 1:21). The missionary-on-furlough remembered the chorus only, but not the words of the hymn. He prayed, and in answer God gave him two verses that drew many closer to Christ.

'Far Above All'

(To the tune of 'The Glory Song')

BECAUSE Christ came from His glory on high,
Came to be born, and to suffer and die,
That He might save us from sin and the fall,
God hath exalted Him far above all.

Chorus:
'Far above all, Far above all,
Jesus the Crucified far above all.
Low at His feet we adoringly fall:
God hath exalted Him far above all.'

Because He loved me, He suffered and died,
I too would love Him, the dear crucified.
I now shall live for Him, heeding His call:
I would exalt Him too, far above all.

(Chorus: "Keswick Hymnal'; verses E.H.H.)

What parent is there who knows the Lord Jesus Christ but yearns for each of his children to have eternal life through His Name, and to grow into His likeness? It was such a yearning that gave birth to the following prayer-poems:

God Bless the Children Thou Hast Given

GOD bless the children Thou hast given
To me, I pray.
If one of them should fail of Heaven,
And miss the Way,
Forever I'd be sad,
I never could be glad
Though all eternity.
And so—

God bless the children Thou hast given
To me, I pray,
And keep each one so close to Thee
He'll never stray.
Amen.

These Children Thou Hast Given Me

God keep them pure—
These children Thou hast given me:
That they Thy face may ever see;
That from earth's muck their souls may rise
Pure as lilies in Thine eyes;
In a world of sin may they be free,
Victor within eternally—
These children Thou hast given me.

God keep them brave—
These children Thou hast given me:
Strong like Thy Son on Calvary.
Oh, let them know that God's own great
May suffer wrong, but never hate;
And may their only fear be
The fear of sin, of failing Thee—
These children Thou hast given me.

God keep them true—
These children Thou hast given me:
True as the Christ in Galilee,
Never to compromise with sin,
But conquer the foe without, within;
To stand alone, if need there be,
For Truth and Right—alone with Thee—
These children Thou hast given me.

During the Mission Meeting of the Presbyterian, U.S., Mission, at Sun-Moon Lake in Central Formosa, in September, 1958, one missionary in a 'devotional message' spoke of how we could be overcomers, not in our own strength, but through the strength of the ever-present Christ. That message 'inspired' the following poem.

When I Am Tempted

WHEN I am tempted by evil,
And lust would come in to stain,
Give me Thy purity, Jesus,
And I shall be clean again.

When I am tempted to utter
Words that bring grief or pain,
Give me Thy sweetness, Lord Jesus,
And I shall be sweet again.

When I am tense and impatient,
Restless in body and brain,
Give me Thy patience, Lord Jesus,
And I shall be calm again.

When I am weak and weary,
And courage begins to wane,
Give me Thy strength, Lord Jesus,
And I shall be brave again.

When there's no zest in living,
And life is drab, inane,
Give me Thy joy, dear Master,
And I shall be glad again.

'And lead us not into temptation, But deliver us from evil'
(Matthew 6:13)

'But thanks be to God, who gives us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ'. (I Corinthians 15:57 RSV)

It's a Fight to the End

IT'S a fight to the end,
This fight against sin,
But the victory's sure,
For Christ will win.

Since I am in Him,
And He is in me:
This is the pledge
Of victory.

Taipei,
May, 1962

Spirit of the Living God

SPIRIT of the Living God,
Glorify, glorify
The Living Christ in me.

Spirit of the Loving God,
Crucify, crucify
The selfish part of me.

Spirit of the Holy God,
Beautify, beautify
The life Thou gavest me.

Spirit from the heart of God,
Purify, purify
The very heart of me.

Spirit of the Father God,
Magnify, magnify
The Son of God in me.

Written in the
mountains of Formosa,
March 1959

A Morning Prayer

SPIRIT of the Living God,
My guide alway,
Tell me what I ought to do
For God today.

Spirit of the Loving God,
Make me, I pray,
A channel of the love of God
All though this day.

Spirit of the Holy God,
Oh, live in me:
Wash clean my sin, and make me be
Holy, like Thee.

When the author was in Hongkong attending to the publication of the first edition of this book of poems, in a single day—October 28, 1960—God gave to him three poems: In the first, 'The Least of All the Saints', he looked upon himself as God must see him, and pleaded forgiveness. In the second, 'We Will Not Fear' he thought of how the whole world is on the brink of nuclear destruction, and how we Christians should face 'the worst', if it should come. And in the third, 'The Finish', he thought of what he would say to his Lord when he saw Him face to face.

'The Least of All the Saints'

'To me, though I am the very least of all the saints, this grace was given—' (Ephesians 3:8 RSV)

'THE least of all the saints'—not Paul, but I,
Who deep within my heart have harbored sin,
While Christ without was waiting to come in.
Forgive this guilty sinner, Lord, I pray,
And cleanse me with Thy precious blood today.

'The least of all the saints'—not Paul, but I,
Who while Thy saints have prayed, myself have slept;
While others spoke for Christ, have silence kept.
Forgive, O Lord, this slothful saint, I pray,
And stir my heart to serve Thee well today.

'The least of all the saints'—not Paul, but I,
Who love to hear men praise and say of me,
'How holy, good, and true to God is he!'
Forgive, O Lord, this hypocrite today,
And make me holy, good and true, I pray.

'Since all these things are to be dissolved, what sort of persons ought you to be in lives of holiness and godliness, waiting for and hastening the coming of the day of God, because of which the heavens will be kindled and dissolved, and the elements will melt with fire! But according to His promise we wait for new heavens and a new earth in which righteousness dwells'. (II Peter 3:11-13 RSV)

'God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea.' (Psalm 41:1-2)

We Will Not Fear

SOMETIME, perhaps ere long, the crash we'll meet:
The world will be aflame with lurid death,
The elements will melt with fervent heat,
And millions struggle as they gasp for breath.

But come what may, we will not be afraid,
Though mountains cast themselves unto the sea,
GOD will be with us; He will give us aid,
And strength and grace and power and victory.

We will not fear: with Him we'll go through hell—
Through hell on earth, and then to Heaven above.
We fearless face the future, knowing well
He loves us with an everlasting love.

The Finish

WHEN I cross the line may I see the face
Of Him for whom I have run the race.
May I hear Him say as He gives to me
A crown of life for eternity,
'Well done, my boy, the race you've run,
The faith you've kept, the fight you've won!'
And I'll reply, as I look within,
'My Lord, not I, but Thou didst win:
I was weak down there, so very weak,
'Twas Thou didst give me power to speak;
And down there I was prone to sin,
But Thou, O Christ, didst dwell within
My heart, and Thou alone didst give
Me power to conquer, grace to live;
And so shall all the glory be
Thine own, O Christ, eternally.'

In the summer of 1962 the author flew to Atlanta, Georgia, and spent a month with his brother, the Reverend Robert M. Hamilton, who lay slowly dying, and yet who had the joy of Christ filling his heart in such a way that everyone who came to see him went away comforted.

The following poem was written for and dedicated to this dear brother who for many years had loved and served his Lord and so soon was to go to Him.

It May Not Be Long

IT may not be long
  Ere a break will come,
A break of glory shining through;
And friends will say,
  'Too bad! Too bad!'
But I will say, although away,
  'How glad! How glad!'

How glad to see the loved ones there,
Whom I have dearly loved down here!
But, best of all, what joy to see
The face of Christ, who died for me!

And when this joy I shall have reached,
I'll know that all that I have preached
Through all the years to many and few,
With smiles and tears—is true! is true!

Taipei,
June, 1962

The Nearer the Time

THE nearer the time when His face I'll see,
The dearer His face becomes to me;
The closer I let Him come within,
The more I hate myself and sin.
O Holy Jesus, let me be
In body, mind and soul like Thee.

Taipei,
July, 1962

I Know It's True

I KNOW it's true: He died for me.
Should I not live for Him?
And yet (O God, how can it be!)
My love is cold and dim.

I know it's true, and yet I live
As though He had not been!
I've lived for self—O Lord, forgive
And free me from this sin.

I know it's true. O Love Divine,
Who still loves even me,
Oh, take me, make me wholly Thine
Through all eternity.

Taipei, 1962

All over the world wherever we have gone, we have seen the light of Christ shining in the faces of those who are His own. As the Psalmist said (Psalm 34:5) 'They looked unto Him and were radiant'. But oh, the difference in the faces of those who have never beheld Him who is the Light of the World!

His Light, His Love

I HAVE seen the light of Christ
Glow in a thousand eyes;
I have felt the love of Christ
Flow from a thousand hearts.
Oh, the difference
When *Christ's* light in men lies!
Oh, the difference
When Christ His love imparts!

Yet, a thousand million hearts
Have never learned to sing,
A thousand million eyes
Have never looked above.
By the gracious Son of God
I pledge my life to bring
To tear-dimmed eyes His light,
To fear-filled hearts His love.

Taipei,
January, 1962

Driving a car in Taipei is both strenuous and dangerous, for often there are pedestrians, bicycles, pedicabs, and even ox-carts, filling the streets, while military trucks, buses, jeeps, and innumerable taxicabs dash in every direction. As we drive we are constantly driven to prayer.

A Driver's Prayer

AS I drive my car today, O Christ
May I Your presence feel.
Help me to drive as You would drive,
If You were at the wheel.

And as I drive along the way,
May people see in me
Love in motion, gentleness,
Christ-like courtesy.

Oh, may I bring no hurt today
To any child of Thine,
Nor pain to any lowly thing;
Oh, keep Your hand on mine.

What God Wants

GOD doesn't want His children
To live in fear;
He wants them all with head held high
To look up to the sky,
And know that He is near.

God doesn't want His children
To live in hate;
He wants them all to look above,
And know that those who love
Their fellowmen are great.

God doesn't want His children
To live in sin;
He wants each one to heed the call
Of Christ who died for all
To make them pure within.

Decatur, Ga.
September, 1967

In June, 1956, my wife and daughter Dorothy, and I visited Palestine enroute to the U.S.A. for furlough. One night in Jerusalem I slipped away alone from the American Colony Inn where we were staying, and went down to Gethsemane. As I meditated upon the sufferings of Christ for me at that very spot long ago the following poem began to take form, and I finished it later.

Gethsemane

HERE in this garden called Gethsemane,
Perhaps upon this very rock I see,
My Savior shed great drops of blood for me.

Ah yes: 'twas on this very spot that night
My Master fought His last and greatest fight,
And for us all turned darkness into light.

For it was here, or very near I know,
He drank alone the bitter cup of woe,
And then triumphant to the cross did go.

When I recall what Thou hast done for me
Here in this garden called Gethsemane,
I give myself, O Christ, anew to Thee.

"Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord" (Ps 130:1)

Who among us who live in the world today can look upon it without sorrow of heart, and a prayer to God from the depths of our souls?

Out of the Depths

OUT of the depths, Lord:
The world is filled with wrong,
And from our hearts we cry
How long, O Lord, how long?
Stay Thou near by.

Out of the depths, Lord,
Oh lead us to the right,
Guide us in Thy Light,
Let us know our might
With Thee nigh.

Out of the depths, Lord:
We cannot sing a song,
With broken heart we sigh
How long, O Lord, how long?
And why? oh why?

Out of the depths, Lord,
Oh help us bear the pain,
And help us stand the strain;
We'll praise Thee once again.
Hear our cry.

Some Christians sing wistfully the hymn, "Is My Name Written There?", not knowing that they can *know* that it is. They long for assurance, and God gives it to us. "I write to you, little children, because your sins are forgiven you for His name's sake" (I John 2:12). "These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God; that ye may know that ye have eternal life" (I John 5:13)

Assurance

"O Lord, give me assurance
My sins will not keep me from Heaven";
And the dear Christ answers, "My son,
Thy sins are all forgiven".

"But how can a sinner see
Thy glory beyond the skies?"
And He answers, "In truth thou shalt be
With Me in Paradise".

"Dear Lord, though sinful I come,
I love Thee and will not doubt".
And He answers, "Him that cometh
To Me, I'll not cast out".

Savannah, Ga.
January 7, 1965

One of the noblest and most self-sacrificing missionaries who ever lived was Dr. William F. Junkin, Sr., who for many years was a country evangelist in North Kiangsu, China. The following poem was written for the celebration of his 75th birthday, just a year before his promotion to higher service.

This Man of God

CATHAY he trod full many a weary mile,
A-bearing others' burdens all the while,
With cheery laugh and on his face a smile—
This man of God.

Up from the sod he lifted many a soul,
Up to the Christ who saved and made them whole;
And Christ was his own strength, the Christ his goal—
This man of God.

Cathay he trod; he will not tread, I'm told,
Those fields again; but myriads young and old
Because of him will tread the streets of gold—
This man of God!

Still does he plod, and as he plods does sing;
Until Christ calls him home he here would bring
A few more precious souls to Christ, his King—
This man of God.

A great sorrow came to our Taiwan Mission June 20, 1964. Our beloved young colleague, the Reverend Bertis E. Downs, III, was killed in a plane crash there, just after completing his language study, and as he was preparing to devote his life to working with the tribespeople in the mountains of Formosa.

The next morning little Bert, 8, the oldest of the three children, ran into his mother's bedroom, and asked, "Mother, where is Daddy?" His mother replied, "Bert, Daddy is not coming home." "Mother, is Daddy dead?". She led him gently into the living room and told him, "Daddy is with Jesus". You'd never dream the next word that came from that little lad's heart. It was this: "Then, Mother, who will go into the mountains?"

To Bertis E. Downs, III

(Killed in a plane crash on Taiwan,
June 20, 1964)

"I'LL be home in just one hour",
He said to himself that day;
Little he dreamed that his Heavenly home
Was only one minute away.

One moment he saw with eyes of flesh
The mountains and the sod;
The very next with the eyes of his soul
He looked in the face of God.

One minute he thought of all the work
He would do to show God's love;
The next he was called by Christ Himself
To nobler work above.

One of our dearest fellow-missionaries, who also was one of the finest missionaries we have ever known, the Reverend James Dickson, D.D., was suddenly stricken with a very acute form of cancer in the Spring of 1967, and less than three months later he went to be with his Lord. Jim was the one who introduced us to the fascinating work with the tribes-people in the mountains of Formosa, and the equally thrilling work among leprosy patients at the government leprosarium.

Just one week before his death Dr. Dickson received the following poem which I dedicated to him.

Each Must Walk The "Lonesome Valley"

EACH must walk the "Lonesome Valley",
But he need not walk alone,
For the Lord who walked it and suffered
Has promised to be with His own.

Each must walk the "Lonesome Valley",
Though dark and dread be the way;
But the Light of Life who goes with us
Turns darkness into day.

Each must walk the "Lonesome Valley",
Suffering, hoping, still unhealed;
But sufferings now cannot compare
With the glory to be revealed.

When I walk the "Lonesome Valley"
My hand in His I will place;
And oh, what joy at Valley's end,
When I see Him face to face!

Most people regard death as something to be dreaded. They even avoid the name "death". For instance, many of our Chinese friends do not like the word "four", because it has the same sound (*sz*) as the word "death". And yet, as someone has aptly said, "We are not prepared to live until we are prepared to die". Death, to the Christian, is but a way into the Presence of God.

Thanatopsis

(Greek: "A View of Death")

SOME day an angel is coming,
An angel whom men call Death;
Like a mother she'll take me in her arms
And gently still my breath.

Then what they called *me* my friends
Will mournfully lay in the sod;
But me, *the real me,* my angel
Will place in the arms of God.

Decatur, Ga.
September, 1965

Just a month after writing that poem, "Thanatopsis", the pilgrim-poet lay in a hospital fighting his first real bout with excruciating pain, a "pinched nerve" in the spine. As he prayed for courage, God let him know that pain was another messenger of His. And he wrote as it were a little letter back to God:

Angel Teacher

DEAR GOD,

You have sent another angel,
  An angel whom men call Pain,
To make me think of life and death,
  And draw me to You again.

He is so stern and cruel,
  Some say he comes from hell;
But I know he's a teacher sent by You—
  May I learn my lesson well.

St. Mary's Hospital,
Decatur, Illinois,
October 11, 1965

"Ham, will you do me a favor?" asked one of the Professors of Columbia Theological Seminary in Decatur, Georgia. It was the Spring of 1964. "What is it, Sir?" "Will you write for us a Missionary Hymn?" "Man, one can't just reel off hymns", I answered, "They don't come that way—but I'll pray about it".And pray about it I did.

Just at that time the Decatur Presbyterian Church was holding their annual World Missions Conference. The opening address was given by Dr. Marc C. Weersing, President of Presbyterian College, Clinton, S.C. His text was Ecclesiastes 3:11 (AV): "He hath set the world in their heart", and his theme was, "God, Set the World in My Heart". Those words rang over and over in my mind, until after several days God gave me the four stanzas of a hymn. And then He gave my wife the last stanza of dedication and the melody.

The next year this missionary hymn was the theme song of the Rock Eagle Young People's Missionary Conference, led by Cliff Barrows. And later it has been used in other Youth Conferences.

The hymn, with musical notation by Mr. and Mrs. John Warner, of Bristol, Tennessee, is printed on page 121 of this book.

God, Set the World in My Heart

GOD, set the world in my heart:
Three billion souls today
Know not the love of God.
May I care enough to *pray*.

God, set the world in my heart:
While countless millions live
And die without a Savior,
May I care enough to *give*.

God, set the world in my heart:
Oh, let me come to know
The sorrow of all without Christ.
May I care enough to *go*.

God, set the world in my heart,
And set my heart aflame
With passionate, Calvary love,
That all may know Thy Name.

God, set the world in my heart,
For Thou hast died for all.
That they may know Thy love I'll go,
In answer to Thy call.

A Prayer for Every Day

('And His servants shall serve Him;
And they shall see His face.' REV. 22:3,4)

MAY each day, I pray, be a little life,
Lived with the living Christ:
Born with the morn, up with the dawn,
A part of the world, yet apart from its strife;
Walking with Him, holding His hand,
Listening to catch His least command;
Doing my best in His service blest,
Working, yet finding in Him my rest.
And then twilight, and blessed night,
To fall asleep, and awake in His light.

As we come to the end of this section, "My Lord and My Life", we thank our Father God: for what He has done for us, and for what He means to us. For He has given us His only Son, and His Son has given us Himself, that we might have eternal life, beginning here and now.

And may everyone who reads this little book know Him, and have eternal life through Him. And may we all be able to say with the disciple who leaned on His breast long ago: "We know that the Son of God has come, and has given us an understanding to know Him who is true; and we are in Him who is true, in His Son Jesus Christ. This is the true God and eternal life". (I John 5:20)

O Christ, I Know You

O CHRIST, I know You, I trust You, I love You.
You are the dearest Friend in all the world.
You are the most real Person in my life.
If this be a dream, O God, don't ever let me wake;
If this be self-hypnotism, oh, keep me hypnotized;
If this be insanity, I pity those who are sane;
But if this be Eternal Life, I praise Thy Name forever.

Amen.

PART THREE

Girl of My Heart

My wife and I did not intend to share with you, and the world at large, the poems in this section, which I wrote just for her eyes and heart. But now we have decided to open our hearts to you who read this, because so many young people today, even Christians, are rushing madly into marriage, leaving God out of the most sacred and beautiful relationship of life, and there follow distress, disillusionment and divorce. If it will save the love-life of just one young couple, it will be worth the publishing of these poems.

If only each young person who belongs to God would leave the choice with God, and at the dawn of adolescence pray for God to bless the one whom He was preparing as a life-mate, to make the one who is waiting worthy of that mate, and in His own good time bring the two together to live "each for the other, both for God", instead of disillusionment there would come a love that grows and glows forever.

On August 31, 1955, his thirty-second wedding anniversary, a grateful husband in Formosa poured forth to God a song of thanksgiving for the girl who had been his constant companion, co-worker, comrade, and inspiration, who had made his home, whether in China, Korea, Japan, Formosa, or America, a bit of Heaven on earth.

I Thank Thee, Lord

I THANK Thee, Lord, with all my heart,
For the girl You gave to me;
Artless, yet with Love's own art,
She has drawn me close to Thee.

I thank Thee for this woman dear,
Grown dearer through the years.
Her perfect love has cast out fear,
Brought joy instead of tears.

I thank You for her lips, her smile,
Her laugh, and everything
She does and says to me the while
She makes me feel a king.

I thank Thee for this precious wife,
This gift from God above.
I know that I could stake my life
On her beautiful, steadfast love.

Many years before, as he had waited in America and she in Japan for the time of their wedding to approach, this song came to him as the sun was setting over the Blue Ridge mountains of Virginia:

Golden the Setting Sun

GOLDEN the setting sun
Clouds shining through,
Longing I gaze upon
Our mountains blue.

Blue fades to gray below,
Blends gray with black.
Cries my heart, 'Dearie, oh,
Can't you come back?

Haste, Sun, adown the sky,
Oh, haste I pray,
Tell her how dearly I
Love her for aye.

Gone is my messenger,
Stars shine above;
They too shall go to her,
Breathing my love.

It all began back in Richmond, Virginia, shortly after he entered Union Theological Seminary in the fall of 1919, when he met a lovely, vivacious girl named Estelle ("Star") McAlpine, daughter and granddaughter of missionaries to Japan. He wondered if she was *the* one for whom he had been praying for years. And he wrote a poem to her which he didn't dare to show her until the time was ready more than two years later.

My Star

I leave it all with God: if thou'rt not mine,
No power on earth can make thee;
But if in love He choose to make me thine,
No power on earth can take thee.
I leave it all with Him: He knoweth best,
And trusting Him, serene in Him I'll rest.

I'll wait on Him, but while I wait I'll sing,
And look up at the stars bright.
I fear no ill, my Father is the King—
But hushed I see one star's light:
Perhaps (He knows!) that radiant star I see
That shines in love afar He made for me.

The next Christmas, on a card showing the wise men following the Star, he wrote for her a verse hinting of his love for her:

A Prayer

AND may the radiance of one star,
So beautiful and true,
Make bright the path I tread afar
The whole year through.
And may the Star of Bethlehem
Give light to all we love,
And bring to both of us, with them,
A blessing from above.

And the following Christmas he wrote another poem, which he laid aside, to show her in God's good time, which now was but a few months away.

A Song of A Christmas Gift

OVER the Eastern fields they go,
And over the desert wild,
They follow afar a beaming star
That leads to a little Child.

I too a star am following,
Which brightly beams above:
Oh, may its gleam bring true my dream
That leads to a woman's love.

They brought rich gifts of gold and myrrh,
Of incense sweet and mild,
The richest worth upon the earth,
To give to a little Child.

I too would bring a tribute,
A flame of God above,
A love that's pure, strong and sure,
To give to a woman's love.

And then came the day when he went to visit her at a home mission school in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia. It was her birthday, February 21, 1922. He gave her a string of pearls for a birthday present, and like "a good old-fashioned girl with heart so true" she said, "Oh, I cannot accept this". And then he had to tell her how long he had been loving her!

Also he told her how he had prayed as he went to those mountains that day, "O God, unless Estelle is *the* one for me, please keep my mouth shut". Imagine his surprise when she said, "When I knew you were coming, I thought maybe you came with serious intentions, and I didn't want to hurt you, so I prayed, 'O God if he is not *the* one for me, please don't let him mention love!' " "WHEE!!" he yelled, "It's all fixed!"—And yet she wouldn't admit it—for nearly three weeks!

She wrote to him back at the Seminary, "This is all so sudden. I cannot yet feel toward you as you do toward me. But there's a bud! If it blooms 'twill be for no other but *you*. I know that".

And this called forth a little song from his heart:

My Rose

LITTLE rosebud comin' in the garden of my heart,
Waitin' for the breath of love to blow befo' it start;
Soon the lovin' God will bend to kiss it, an' I'll see
The heart of the rose o' my heart a-bloomin' all for me.

Then I'll take it in my hands so strong an' safe an' sure,
An' I'll press it to my lips, my rose so sweet and pure;
But I'll hold it, oh, so tenderly! An' thank my God above,
Who gave to me forever this one rose of her love.

Four other poems he wrote for her during those three weeks (years?) of waiting for her to say "Yes". The first was in Southern dialect.

I Don't Care

CHILLIN' rain is in the air—
But I don't care;
Mud and dampness everywhere—
But I don't care.
Sol's a-hidin' in the sky,
Ol' Jack Frost's a-struttin' by—
What for all of this care I?
You love me, dear.
An' you'd better not deny,
'Cause you know 'twould be a lie—
You love me, dear.

Rain brings flowers in the Spring,
So I don't care;
Mud an' cold 'n everything
Will disappear.
Soon will come a gladsome day,
Happiness will come to stay,
I'm a-comin' back in May—
I love you, dear.

Won't the mountains then be gay?
When we goin' to sail away?
I love you, dear.

"At Dawning"

DO you think you ever could love me, dear?
Do you think you could ever love me?
For you are all loveliness and fair,
And I so unlovely.

But God who gave me thee, my dear,
Can also give thee love;
And so I bare my head in prayer,
And look to Him above.

I tremble with expectancy,
And yet I do not fear;
But oh, how I pray to worthy be
Of thy sweet love, my dear!

I pray for strength and purity,
I pray to be brave and true.
I pray I may be what you think of me,
And, Sweet, I pray for *you*.

On the wall of the guest room of the Mission School in the Blue Ridge Mountains there was a little poem entitled "Sleep Sweet". This called forth a poem of his own with the same title:

"Sleep Sweet"

"SLEEP SWEET?" O God, how can I sleep the while
My heart is longing for her loving smile?
And though Thy quiet stars watch from above,
My soul is yearning, burning for her love.

"Sleep Sweet?" O God of love, I cannot sleep until
Thou send her love my hungry heart to fill,
And calm my soul with her love's tender light:
And then dear God, I shall sleep sweet. Good night.

When You Say "Yes"

WHEN you say "Yes", ah, sweetest heart of mine,
Then our life and love shall intertwine,
And God will bless us with a love divine—
When you say "Yes".

When you say "Yes", and our love shall meet,
And each the other's life shall make complete,
I shall confess I love you, love you, Sweet—
When you say "Yes".

When you say "Yes", and we together go
To carry Christ and love to souls in woe:
'Twill be the sweetest, dearest joy I know—
When you say "Yes".

Of course she said "Yes": not only because God planned it that way, but all these expressions of love drew out the love that was latent in her heart.

And then came a year of separation, which she spent with her aging parents in Japan, while he supplied pulpits in America, and then did graduate study at Biblical Seminary in New York City. Of course more poems came out of this time of waiting. Just before she sailed he sent her this poem:

A Song of Sailing

WHEN you shall sail, my Sweet,
My love will follow fleet.
Each laughing wave below
Will say, "He loves me so!"
Each shining star above,
Will tell you of my love.
Each dancing sunbeam too
Will show my love for you.
South winds will whisper this:
"I bring to you his kiss".
And e'en the night caressing
Breath his prayer and blessing.

Yea, night to night and day to day
Shall sing "He is my own for aye,
And I am his alone, and never
Life nor death our souls shall sever.
God shall keep my love for him;
Never shall that love grow dim;
And God shall keep his love for me".

Dear God, keep Thou *our* love for Thee.

Berrybrook, Va.
August 28, 1922

A Song of Waiting

AH, Heart of mine, if thou but knew
The love I have for thee,
Thou wouldst be glad the whole year through,
Though twixt us roll the sea.

Yet, Sweetest Heart, I know thou knowest
My love, and I know thine;
And I shall follow where thou goest,
Because God made thee mine.

And though I tarry long and late,
And though I be far or near,
We both will sing the while we wait,
For true love hath no fear.

And so I know we'll have no sorrow,
For love brings joy, dear Heart:
Oh, I will come to thee tomorrow,
And never shall we part.

Berrybrook, Va.
August 22, 1922

A Song of Thanksgiving

GRACIOUS Father, how I thank Thee
For this treasure from above!
Richer far than earthly jewels
Is the jewel of her love.

Loving Father, how I love Thee
For the life-mate Thou did'st give:
Sweet companion, sweetest comrade,
Mine, for aye with me to live.

Gracious Father, how I thank Thee
That her love is mine alone;
For Thy loving Spirit's wooing,
Making each the other's own.

Loving Father, how I love Thee
More than tongue can ever tell,
For Thy precious love gift, Father,
For my sweet, my own Estelle.

New York City,
Thanksgiving Day,
1922.

As the old year 1940 was passing out and the new year 1941 being born, the missionary put his wife and six children on the S.S. President Coolidge in Shanghai, and watched it go down the Huang Poo into the wide Yangtse River, and then into the great Pacific, and he turned back into the hinterland to carry on until God would bring him and his loved ones together again. Nearly ten months later God let him take the last boat out of Shanghai before Pearl Harbor.

Oh, what joy filled his heart as his train, the "Dixie Flyer", sped from St. Louis to Atlanta, through mountains aglow with the autumnal touch of God! It was then that God gave him this song for the girl of his heart.

"All This—And Heaven Too"

THERE'S loveliness, and more,
Spread o'er the earth the while
I go from shore to shore
To gain your smile.

Aflame each hill and dale
With loved autumnal hue;
And then, at the end of the trail,
The blush of you.

The hues of hill now blend
With blues of heaven above;
And soon, at the journey's end,
Your lips, your love.

What joy before me lies:
"All this and Heaven too!"
My earth's a Paradise,
My Heaven—*you!*

Aboard "The Dixie Flyer",
October 28, 1941

Twenty-one years later in Taiwan she was still the girl of his heart, and each evening there was a thrill in his heart as he sped home to her.

Girl of My Heart

I'M driving home in the twilight,
Dim lights a-shining through,
But in my heart is no dimness,
For I'm coming home to you—
Girl of my heart, girl of my life,
Sweetest girl of all, my wife!

I'm driving home in the darkness,
And the rain is driving too,
But in my heart there's a radiance,
And all because of you—
Girl of my heart, girl of my life,
Sweetest girl of all, my wife!

Taipei, Taiwan
October 3, 1962

And now they face the sunset together fearlessly, because they belong each to the other and both to God.

Together

BELOVED, our love together
Grows dearer every day.
I wonder when and whether
One must go, the other stay.
We know 'twill be, if time shall last,
And so tonight I hold you fast,
Thanking the loving God above
Who has made us one in love.
Joyfully we face the sun,
Heedless of the sod,
For we two are truly one,
And both belong to God.

Decatur, Illinois
October 15, 1965

It is at Christmas time that the missionaries in other lands miss America most of all. For Christmas is so different over there, and sometimes non-existent, except for a little group of believers in a new-born church. And so quite a number of the songs God gave to this missionary, He gave at Christmas time. Here are some of them.

Christmas in China

CHRISTMAS in a lonely land—
And yet we are not alone:
Immanuel has come to dwell
With those who are His own.

Christmas in a Christless land—
So far from Bethlehem!
O Christ, bend low, and let these know
Thou camest to die for them.

Christmas in a foreign land,
Afar, land of our birth—
Jesus, was this world quite strange
When first you came to earth?

One Christmas, back in old Suchowfu, your missionary was looking at one Christmas card he had just received that was especially beautiful. It was a snow scene: a lovely home on a little hill, and the lights of home shining out upon the snow, and above across a star-flecked sky of midnight blue were written the words of the poem by Dr. Phillips Brooks, 'Everywhere, Everywhere Christmas Tonight!' And within was written the full poem beloved by millions. As the missionary pondered those words, the thought came to him, 'No, it's *not* true that *everywhere* is Christmas tonight'. And God gave to him a verse that he made into a Christmas card, printed by Chinese with a crude lithograph machine, and he mailed it the next Christmas to friends over all the world.

Everywhere, Everywhere Christmas Tonight?

EVERYWHERE, everywhere Christmas tonight?
Ah no, there are some—
Yea, millions and millions, and ever they come—
Who know not that God has lived among men,
Has suffered, and died, and liveth again,
To lead them from darkness to light.

Everywhere, everywhere Christmas tonight?
Would God it were true
That these millions and millions the Son of God knew!
Would God they could all know freedom from sin,
Could all know the joy of the Christ-child within:
Then—everywhere, Christmas, and light!

We Have Seen His Star

"WE have seen His star in the East,
And are come to worship Him",
The Wise Men said as they were led
Through ways that were dark and dim.

"We have seen His star in the East,
We see His star above";
And through the night and into the Light
They came to God's Perfect Love.

His star has shone in the East
For nearly eight score years,
While men of God these lands have trod,
Proclaiming His Word with tears.

His star has shone in the East:
Thank God that Light has shone,
For here and everywhere
Are those who are His own.

His star is still in the East,
Yet millions in the night
With vision dim have not seen Him:
God bring them to the Light.

Taipei, Taiwan
Christmas, 1962

'—*And Best of All, It's True!*'

OH, Christmas is a happy time,
With men, and children too,
Around the cradle of a King—
And best of all, it's true!

Oh, Christmas is a wondrous time,
With God a-breaking through
From Heaven to earth to live with men—
And best of all, it's true!

Oh, Christmas is a joyful time!
God's message from the blue:
'Glad tidings of great joy I bring'—
And best of all, it's true!

Oh, Christmas is for everyone,
For Gentile and for Jew:
'For God so loved the world, He gave'—
And best of all, it's true!

Oh, Christmas is a precious time,
When all may faith renew.
'To us is born a Saviour, Christ'—
And best of all, it's true!

Bethlehem

If all the poems in all the world
Were made one poem rare,
It could not tell what Christmas meant
To God back there.

If all the songs that men have sung
Were made one carol bright,
It could not tell the love of God
In Christ that night.

If all the gifts that ever were given
Became one glorious gem,
'Twere not so precious as that Babe
In Bethlehem.

If all the trees in all the world
Became one Christmas tree,
'Twere not so wondrous as a cross
On Calvary.

All Men Would Brothers Be

WERE Christmas in the mind,
And Christ within the heart
Of all mankind
In school and home and mart:

There'd be no war without,
No wickedness within;
There'd be no battle shout,
There'd be no hate or sin:

But peace and joy and love
Would fill the hearts of men;
They'd know the God above,
The Christ within, and then—

All men would brothers be
By virtue of new birth
Into God's family
Of love throughout the earth.

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Christmas—and the Light of Home

CHRISTMAS—and the light of home!
Aye, maybe
Light of home is sweet today,
Since homeless in a stable lay
God's Baby.

Christmas—and the joy of home!
What joy
Supreme is ours now to claim,
Since homeless out of Egypt came
God's Boy!

Christmas—and the love of home!
Now can
Our home a bit of Heaven be,
Since homeless died upon a tree
God's Man.

Christmas—and the peace of home!
There's One
Who nevermore shall homeless be,
For now He lives with you and me—
God's Son!

Another Christmas, as the missionary was thinking of the many many friends God had given to him, and thanking God for each one, there burst forth from his heart this song.

A Song of Friends at Christmas

OH, it's friends, friends, friends,
The wide wide world around,
To us the great God sends—
And everywhere they're found.

Oh, there's never a sun comes out of the sea,
Olden, golden, glad and free,
But he bears a message from you to me
Of friendship true.

And there's never a sun that goes to rest,
Out of the east and into the west,
But he bears a message of love confessed
From me to you.

So—it's friends, friends, friends,
With joy our lives have bound,
A radiant joy that never ends—
And everywhere they're found!

Lost—At Christmas

WE see the holly and mistletoe,
The Christmas trees with lights aglow,
And lovely artificial snow;
But Christ we do not see—
He is lost in the tinsled tree.

We hear the broadcast organ swells,
Carols, canticles and bells,
Music that in truth excels;
But Christ we do not hear—
He's lost in the Christmas cheer.

The crowds are jostling in the street,
Rushing by on restless feet,
Getting gifts expensive, sweet;
But Christ we fail to get—
He's lost in the fuss and fret.

O Christ, it is not Thou but we
Are lost, who fail Thyself to see,
And fail to give ourselves to Thee!
May Christmas mean to us, we pray,
The Living Christ with us today.

Taipei, 1961

There are many Christmas poems, and yet so very few urge men and women, boys and girls, to accept this wonderful Gift of God, and have eternal life through Him. "He came unto His own, and His own received Him not. But as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name". (JOHN 1:11-12)

The Perfect Gift

WHAT can I do to show my love
To you at Christmas time?
I'll tell how the loving God above
Gave us His Son sublime:
The Son of His love, Emmanuel,
Who came to this darkened earth to dwell
With all who love Him well.
There's life, real life, in this Christmas story,
"Christ in you, the Hope of Glory."

Beloved, accept this gift, I pray:
Christ and eternal life today.
I long for *you* to have, dear friend,
This Perfect Gift, which never will end.

PART FIVE

'INISHEEN'

(*Little Isle*)

There's an old plantation named 'Harrison Homestead', on Amelia Island, at the northeast tip of Florida, which is the ancestral home of the Hamiltons. When a boy, E. H. Hamilton spent many a happy summer there with his loved ones. Later when a student at Davidson College he published in the 'Davidson College Magazine' a poem and a descriptive essay of the beloved plantation. Both are reprinted herewith:

'Inisheen'

(*Little Isle*)

THERE'S a little isle in flower-land,
Aglow with glistening green;
(On Dixie's breast is our land)
O Inisheen!

There are giant oaks and cedar trees,
By my great-grandsires seen,
On the little isle in southern seas,
O Inisheen!

The little isle to me means more
Than any earthly scene,
For my own, my own sleep on thy shore,
O Inisheen!

Some day I'll back to the little isle,
When my life is at its e'en;
And I'll sleep with my own a little while,
O Inisheen!

'Inisheen'

THE scenes of childhood are so colored by fancy and golden memories that one usually is incompetent to describe them in accurate values. Yet, even if such images are extravagantly pictured by the man of whose life they are a part, they are truer and more beautiful than those seen by the accurate eye of a stranger, because they are painted with a brush of love. For this reason everyone eagerly claims that his country is 'God's country'—and so it is, for *love,* that ineffable synonym of God, has claimed its own.

Yes, if ever there was a 'God's country', it is 'Inisheen' ('Little Isle' in Irish), the home of my own, and my mother's, and my mother's mother's childhood. Not only has love given beauty to this scene, but beauty herself has visited the spot—for there can be found all the glorious scenes of the nature-poet's songs: sunshine, flowers, songbirds, woods, rivers, marshes, clouds, ocean, and gorgeous sunsets.

This island, about which I have drawn a halo of beauty, is known on the map as Amelia Island. It is situated in Nassau County, Florida, at the extreme northeast coast of the State. It is about fifteen miles long and one mile wide. A bridge connects Amelia Island with the Florida mainland. A county road, made of oyster shells, runs through the center of the island. Along this road are scattered farms and fishermen's houses, between which are stretches of pine woods, with scrub palmettos covering the ground, swampy at times; and hardwood forests of giant live oaks, water oaks, hickories and elms, decorated with hanging Spanish moss and trailing vines, above

green moss and grass-covered earth. Beneath the pines of the swamp woods are water lilies, with their broad round leaves; beneath the oaks and hickories are flag lilies, violets and yellow jessamine in the spring; violets and goldenrod in the fall.

The Harrison Homestead, to which we, who have inherited the place and all the love our forebears had for it, have given the name 'Inisheen', is situated in the center of the island on the western side. The short road leading to the house from the county road traverses fields which before the civil war were white with cotton, but which now in many places are being invaded by young trees and palmetto groves. This road turns when it gets within one hundred yards of the house, and completes its journey through a grove of giant cedar trees. One would now expect to arrive at a grand old Southern home, with its massive white pillars—and he would have done so sixty years ago—but instead he sees an unassuming two-storey, wooden house, such as one might find almost anywhere in the country. To one who has just seen the moss-covered oaks and cedars, the little house looks bare. I am not going to describe in detail the house that now stands there, for there is nothing particularly striking or extraordinary about the structure, and because it is insignificant compared with the grandeur of its surroundings.

The homestead is situated on the bluff of a tidewater creek, which an inlander would call a river, especially at high tide—until he lifted his eyes above the intervening marshland and saw the great tide river, the Amelia, soft gliding like a gigantic, silver serpent through the broad marsh prairie. The river makes a wide curve directly opposite our bluff, as if a giant had drawn it, using our house as an axis. The creek which

runs by the home connects both ends of this curve, and thus with the river completes a rude circle, enclosing a marsh island about three miles in circumference. Beyond the river is another marsh; beyond that is another river, then another marsh, so that one standing on the bluff of the old homestead can see yellow-green prairies separated by silver-blue rivers, stretching for seven miles, at last merging into the slate-blue of the forests on the Florida mainland.

'Flow on, dear river! Not alone you flow
To outward sight, and through your marshes wind;
Fed from the mystic springs of long ago,
Your twin flows silent through my world of mind'.

(LOWELL)

Even now, as I stand on that river bank, the setting sun, golden-red, fire-born, scatters like a prodigal, just before the silence of thought and resolution to go home, the substance of his beauty over the whole western sky. As I stand and gaze, my heart is pained with the very beauty of the scene, and God seems very close, for the snowy banks of cumulus clouds have become golden dream-ships, bearing my thoughts to the haven of Heaven. What an urge I feel to stand there until the gold blends into fire-opal, the crimson and saffron into purple and old rose and then the deep, starlit indigo of night!

But no, I must not answer the call. Reluctantly I turn to complete my description of the old homestead. Beside the house stands a lone sentinel, the relic of a little shack which my granduncle, who was the major of a company of Confederate cavalrymen, built when he returned from the war to the desolate ruins of what was once home. On the opposite

side of the house is a little one-roomed building which this same uncle constructed for a billiard room, when prosperity began to return to the wasted Southland. Behind the house is another relic, a small shed attached to an old shell-plastered chimney, This shed, now used for a garage, was formerly a kitchen to the old home. Many and many a time has smoke risen through that tottering chimney from a fire which was cooking the best chicken pilau and clam chowder that has ever titillated the gustatory sense of man, while a fat, old 'black mammy', proud to be culinary empress, sat in the doorway on a hickory throne, giving peremptory orders to a little black subject.

By this old kitchen is a massive orange tree, and a few other orange trees are growing near. Behind the old kitchen are fields of corn and watermelons, with a few fruit trees here and there. In the middle of these fields are vines growing about what seems to be the ruin of another chimney stack. However, when one approaches and draws aside the vines, he sees a massive, iron cane-boiler cemented upon a brick furnace. This is one of the few structures that survived the invasion of the 'Yankees'. To destroy this was a job a little too hard for them to undertake, since nothing short of a forty-two centimetre Krupp shell at broadside would embarrass the sturdy old cane-boiler. So it has stood for more than a century, having been constructed, they say, by my English great-great-grandfather, soon after he obtained the island section by a grant from the king of Spain.

Just behind these fields is a dense woodland. Beyond a rickety gate I see a footpath leading beneath the trees, toward which I go. As I make my way through the avenues of corn-

stalks, my imagination—or is it my inherited memory?—hears darkies singing at their labors, sees happy slaves—*yes, happy* and contented—at work in the fields of cotton. As I reach the edge of the wood, and stand by the little footpath, I turn to look for the last time at the old homestead. Silhouetted against the rich sunset, I see, not the form of the newer house, but that of the old Southern home; the lone sentinel has disappeared, and also the billiard-room; and from the shell-plastered chimney of the little kitchen smoke rises in circles to the sky. As the scene is transfixed before my eyes, I hear the mellow chords of a guitar woven into the cadence of an old, sweet song, 'Bird of the Greenwood'. What sorrow, passion, love is in the sound! As I listen to the music that touches a sacred string in my heart, it calls from my heart the words of another song, written by one who loves Inisheen more than anyone else has ever loved the spot:

Inisheen

Island of beauty, with opaline sunsets,
Circled by dancing and sparkling waves;
I see in my dreaming thy rippling runlets,
And hear the sweet music of coral-reef caves.

Over thy fields where the goldenrod glittered,
Through forests where jessamine tangled its vine;
In hollows where early, spring violets were littered,
Like shy, sweet blue eyes in the sun's yellow shine.

All through these fairy-scenes known to our childhood,
How gaily young feet their bright beauty explored!
What joyous, glad voices rang through the deep wildwood!
With such priceless pictures my memory is stored.

Ringing with happiness, echoing merrily,
Up from the hush of the beautiful past,
Snatches of ballads, some whistled so cheerily—
Out of the twilight that faded so fast.

All through the years that have gone from my keeping
Floats the loved voice of thy shell-girdled shore;
Shrine where the dust of my fathers is sleeping,
And dim, holy stars keep their watch evermore!

(Minnie A. Sanderson)

What mother-love, what lover-love, seems to hover over the old home! What shouts of joy and sobs of anguish echo from the far horizon! 'O memories! O past that is!'

With the music and the words, 'Away, away, away, away! Bird of the Greenwood, away!' re-echoing in my heart, I leave the fading scene, and go into the woods. My foot falls softly on a heavy carpet of leaves that strew the forest floor. The dense trees of the wood, with their gray, hanging moss, let little light through even at noon; but now, in the dimming twilight, with the roseate reflection of the setting sun filtering through the foliage, the woods remind one of a vast cathedral. The path now widens, and seems indeed like the aisle of a cathedral, and the great cedar trees like the massive pillars of the edifice. Just ahead, through the vines and low-hanging branches, I see the dim white form of the temple shrine. Nearer I draw, and soon stand at the altar-rail, a rude iron fence. Within is my shrine, a white stone shaft pointing heavenward, about which are many small tablets, like pillows on the counterpane of white beach sand; while here and there are the quaint cemented tombs of long ago.

I bend above sacred dust of my forefathers. In their veins, in each myriad life-sea, once flowed the infinitesimal life-cell that is now *me*. As I kneel there, I pray that I may be true to the life they have given; and that when the twilight of that life is past, I, their child, may lie down by their side on the warm breast of Inisheen.

It is night. I stand peaceful in the still dark, and see above my shrine the stars set in the silence of eternity.

FINIS

PART SIX

SUPPLEMENTS

The following traneslation into Chinese of the poem "THE ONLY WAY, (see page 65) was made by Dr. Chang Tao-fan, President of the Legislative Yuan of the Republic of China:

唯一的道路

這是一顆破碎的心，
被劇烈的苦痛穿損；
唯有基督的撫治
能使它重新完整。

這是一個破碎的生命，
被恥辱和罪惡踩躪；
唯有基督熱烈的愛
能使它內在潔淨。

這是一個破碎的家，
痛苦而且殘缺；
唯有基督的鍊金術
能使它鎔合爲一。

這是一個破碎的世界，
被戰爭和仇恨破壞；
唯有基督的勝利.
能造成一個新的世界。

海倫登牧師英文原著
張道藩試譯

The following translation into Chinese of the poem 'AFRAID? OF WHAT? was made by Dr. Martin A. Hopkins, a beloved former colleague of Mr. Hamilton's in the North Kiangsu Mission of the Presbyterian Church in the United States:

懼怕甚麼？

懼怕甚麼？
靈魂釋放覺着歡然，
脫離苦難進入平安，
今世忙亂已經過完，
有何可怕？

懼怕甚麼？
放鎗霰霰身心受傷，
與主傷痕彷彿一樣，
出暗入明直升天堂，
有何可怕？

懼怕甚麼？
親眼看見耶穌榮面，
並他傷痕滿溢恩典，
救主歡迎親耳聽見，
有何可怕？

懼怕甚麼？
事奉救主在地缺憾，
一見主面忽變完全，
事奉在天直到永遠，
有何可怕？

懼怕甚麼？
生所未成以死成全，
剛硬石地用血澆灌，
使靈生長如花千萬，
有何可怕？

原著者 海倫登詩
譯著者 何廢

The following Norwegian translation of 'Afraid? Of What?' was made by Mrs. Borghild Gerrard, of Kristiansand, Norway:

Redd!

JEG redd? For hva?
Redd for å föle ånde nflyve fri,
til evig fred, når smerten er forbi?
Farvel til livets strid og strev åa si?
Jeg redd? For det?

Jeg redd For hva?
Redd når jeg for min faders ansikt står
og milde velkomstord mitt hjerte når,
mens herlig skinner Herrens nådes sår?
Jeg redd? For det?

Jeg redd? For hva?
Et glimt—et brak—et hjerte sönderslitt.
Mörke, så lys, å himlens kunst går vidt.
Et sår som av hans nåde gitt.
Jeg redd? For det?

Jeg redd? For hva?
At döden gjör hva livet ikke kan.
Döpe med blod en plett i stenet land
til sjele blomstrer frem i örknens sand?
Jeg redd? For det?

Following are three musical scores for the poem "AFRAID? OF WHAT?":

The *first* was written by the late Reverend E. B. Ward, formerly a missionary in South China.

The *second* was written by the Reverend John E. Su (Su Choh-yang), formerly a student at the North China Theological Seminary in Tenghsien, Shantung Province, and now a Chinese evangelist in Hong Kong.

The *third* was composed by Professor Chang Shih-chieh, a prominent musician of Free China.

AFRAID? OF WHAT?

E.H.HAMILTON E.B.WARD

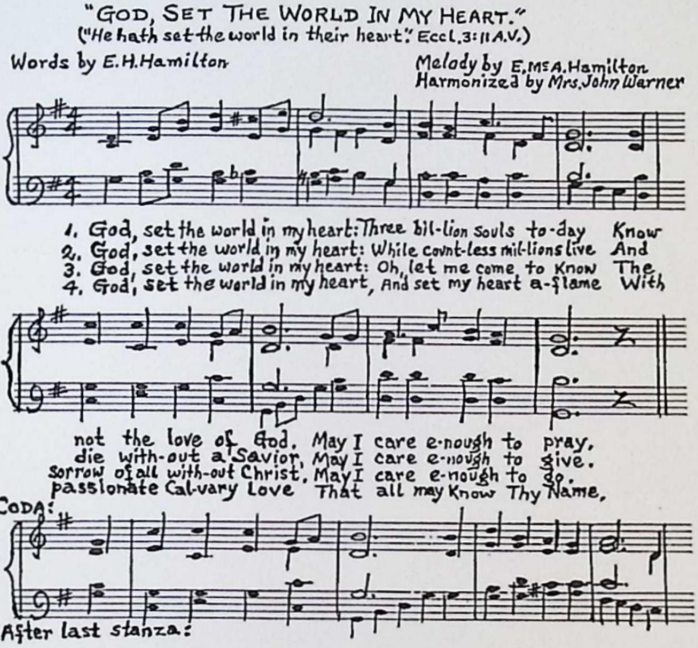
1. A - fraid? Of what? To feel the spir-it's
2. A - fraid? Of what? A - fraid to see the
3. A - fraid? Of what? To en - ter in - to
4. A - fraid? Of what? To do by death what
1. glad re-lease? To pass from pain to per-fect peace?The
2. Sav-iour's face, To hear His wel-come, and to trace The
3. Heav-en's rest, And yet to serve the Mas-ter blest, From
4. life could not, Bap-tize with blood a ston - y plot, Till
1. strife and strain of life to cease? A-fraid? Of that?
2. glo - ry gleam from wounds of grace? A-fraid? Of that?
3. serv-ice good to serv-ice best? A-fraid? Of that?
4. souls shall blos-som from the spot? A-fraid? Of that?

AFRAID? OF WHAT?

第十二首　　惧怕甚麽

懼怕甚麼？
E.H.Hamilton
M.A.Hopkins, Trans.
AFRAID? OF WHAT?
Chang Shih-chieh
懼怕 甚 麼？懼怕 甚 麼？
靈魂 釋放 覺着 歇息
脫離 苦難 進入 平安
今世 忙亂 已經 過完
有 何可 怕？

God, Set the World in My Heart


"GOD, SET THE WORLD IN MY HEART."
("He hath set the world in their heart." Eccl. 3:11 A.V.)
Words by E. H. Hamilton
Melody by E. McA. Hamilton
Harmonized by Mrs. John Warner
1. God, set the world in my heart: Three bil-lion souls to-day Know
2. God, set the world in my heart: While count-less mil-lions live And
3. God, set the world in my heart: Oh, let me come to know The
4. God, set the world in my heart, And set my heart a-flame With
not the love of God. May I care e-nough to pray,
die with-out a Savior, May I care e-nough to give.
sorrow of all with-out Christ, May I care e-nough to go.
passionate Cal-vary love That all may Know Thy Name,
CODA:
After last stanza:
God, set the world in my heart, For Thou hast died for all. That
they may Know Thy love I'll go In ans-wer to Thy call.